

April 1924

The CHIMES



Easter
Issue

SCITUATE
HIGH SCHOOL

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ENJOY THE SPRING !

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SCITUATE HARBOR





THE CHIMES

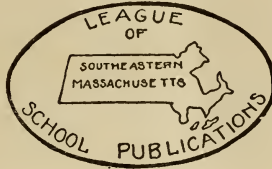
Vol. 1

April, 1924

No. 2

THE CHIMES

Member of



Published by the Students of the Scituate High School, Scituate,
Massachusetts

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We wish to express our sincere thanks to the business men of this town for their hearty co-operation in helping us to finance the second issue of our school paper, THE CHIMES.

We, as a school, believe that while you are helping us in our project, you are also helping your own business.

We hope, too, that the townspeople will patronize you and help to make the coming year a success.

We have received many congratulatory letters about our cover design. Among them is one from the principal of the Normal Art School, Boston, Mass.

February 25, 1924.

Mr. Malcolm A. Merritt,
High School, Scituate, Mass.

Dear Mr. Merritt:—Recently I came across an article telling about your High School paper and illustrating your cover for the same.

I am writing this to congratulate you upon the excellent piece of design which you created. As a High School cover designed by a freshman in the school it is most excellent.

Please share these congratulations with your supervisor, Mrs. Ward, for undoubtedly her influence has had something to do with bringing about the opportunity for such good work in the High School.

I sincerely hope that you may, after graduating from high school, carry on in this field—possibly in the State Art School, or possibly somewhere else.

Very sincerely yours,

ROYAL B. FARNUM.

The editor-in-chief received the following letter from Mrs. Royal B. Farnum, who was born in North Scituate and was a graduate of the Scituate High School.

21 Walter Street, Somerville, Mass.,
February 6, 1924.

To the Editor-in-Chief of THE CHIMES:

My dear Miss Stanley—It gives me great pleasure to congratulate the Scituate High School for having THE CHIMES for their school paper. I also congratulate Malcolm A. Merritt, the artist.

North Scituate being my birthplace, I am always very much interested in that which takes place in the old home town.

“Go forth in your work
Work hard, do not shirk;
There’s much can be done thru THE CHIMES.
Begin now to write,
Think deep, with your might;
You may get ahead of ‘The Times.’
Whatever you do
May THE CHIMES *ring true*.
As the months go by and the years
May you keep in view
The *best* tho they’re few,
The *choice* and the *best* of ideas.”

Very sincerely,

FLORA BAILEY FARNUM.

ARTS

"Have you visited Room 12?"

"No, where is it, and what is it used for?"

"Why, it is our art room located in the east side of the basement. If it were only Monday or Wednesday, I would take you down there and show it to you. But as it is not, I will tell you about the classes I am in and their accomplishments in the art room.

"The commercial lettering class studies free hand lettering and color and design as applied to advertising. The free hand drawing class studies the human figure, object drawing, and perspective in advertising using both water color and poster paint.

"We often are called upon to make posters for local entertainments. The drawing class puts on the illustration; then the lettering class adds the printing. During National Education Week the two classes made the announcement cards for the style show given by the Household Arts girls in the Town Hall. We are now working on posters for our coming school vaudeville show and have quite a number completed.

"The competition for cover design on our school paper, THE CHIMES, was very interesting. It was open to every person in the school, although I believe that no one outside the art classes passed in any sketches. Everyone in the art classes drew eight designs. He could then submit them all or only the ones which he considered the best. The faculty acted as judges. The decision was by elimination. The cover designs handed in were weeded down to fifteen possibilities: W. Torrey (1), A. Bragdon (2), R. Bean (1), M. Merritt (3), S. Short (2), F. Sharp (3), E. Pinkham (1), W. Ward (1), and P. Quinn (1). The judges made five choices, and finally selected F. Sharp's and M. Merritt's. Because of illness, Sharp was not able to submit his to the printer, who was to use the design that would copy the best. Special mention was made of the cover by Torrey. His idea was clever, but more suitable for a fly-leaf. Quinn's design was particularly good as a picture of the tower and surroundings. We have received a great many compliments on our artistic cover design. Mr. Merritt has received letters of congratulation from the principal of Normal Art School, Boston, and the dean of the Cleveland School of Art.

"Mrs. Ward is always pleased to have visitors come to her classes. It will really pay you for the trouble it takes, to drop in some day and see the classes at work in the art room. A person cannot imagine the room and the work it puts out until he actually sees it for himself."

F. T. S.

* * *

The middle-aged man had just broken the world record for fifty-yard dash.

"How in the world did you acquire such speed?" someone asked.

"Crossing the streets in the downtown districts," he replied.

THE CHIMES

C stands for conduct
 In which we shine,
 It's also for cleverness
 As shown in this rhyme.

H is for happiness
 A slogan so bright,
 With that as our goal
 We will always walk right.

I is for ideals
 We hold nobly in mind,
 And strive every day
 Higher plains to find.

M stands for moments
 That fly swiftly by,
 Welding and strengthening
 Each friendly tie.

E is for excellence,
 We all hope to achieve,
 With the help of our faculty
 We'll have no cause to grieve.

S stands for our school,
 Of which we are proud,
 Let three grand cheers
 Ring out hearty and loud.

Hark! The chimes are ringing,
 The echoes printed here,
 Pleasant thoughts are bringing
 Throughout the whole school year.

ATHLETICS

The pupils of the Scituate High School wish to express their appreciation to the voters of the town for their whole-hearted response to our request for the use of the Town Hall. When the next basketball season comes, the High School will have a team which will be able to play any other team on the South Shore. Then the voters of the town can have somewhere to go on the winter evenings. We all know the responsibility that goes with this permission, but it is safe to say that this privilege will not be abused. If we show our appreciation by the right use of the hall it will go a long way toward developing athletics in the future.

The Scituate High School Athletic Association is making preparations for its baseball season. The positions on the team are being sought with much enthusiasm.

The battery candidates were called out the first week in April. A squad of six men responded, and the new men are trying hard to make a position on the team. Curran seems to be the choice for catcher.

At first base we shall have Murphy covering the bag. Dwyer, our last year's center-fielder, is trying for second and is being pressed hard by the other boys who are after the keystone position. At third base you will see Webster stopping everything; and at short-stop McCarthy, a dependable hitter at all times, will round up what appears to be a promising infield. Then turning to the out-field, we have Ford, a very good man, taking care of left field, and at center field it seems to be a toss-up between Gardner, Paulin, and Cole, all of whom are good players. Right field will most likely be guarded by Rice, a freshman.

The school is intending to give a vaudeville show in April for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and it is hoped that this will increase our funds, which already are in excess of those of last season.

We have an efficient coach in Mr. Norton, who is working hard to turn out a real team. He is spending much of his time in developing a good hitting squad.

The tentative schedule for the season is as follows:

April 19—Alumni at Scituate.	May 16—Randolph at Ran-
April 22—Duxbury at Dux-	dolph.
bury.	May 20—Kingston at Kingston.
May 2—Holbrook at Scituate.	May 23—Duxbury at Scituate.
May 6—Cohasset at Cohasset.	June 3—Hanover at Hanover.
May 9—Hanover at Scituate.	June 6—Kingston at Scituate.
May 14—Powder Point at Dux-	June 10—Holbrook at Hol-
bury.	brook.
	June 18—Cohasset at Scituate.

G. MURPHY, '24.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls of Scituate High have already commenced to loosen their muscles in preparation for the coming base ball season.

Our team was organized in the spring of 1923. As this was our first year of baseball, our schedule was very limited, the only games being with Hingham and Cohasset. On their own diamond Hingham was rather easily the victor over our team, but we turned the tables when they visited us. The same thing happened with Cohasset. These were good games and everybody seemed to enjoy them. Although we played only four games we proved ourselves worthy of Scituate High School.

The players of '23 were as follows: Marguerite Pratt, pitcher; Barbara Brown, catcher Catherine Murphy, first base; Harriett Alexander, second base; Helen Pelrine, third base; Rose Hernan, short-stop; Sallie Murphy, left fielder; Eulaila Pinkham, right fielder; Ray Ellis, center fielder; Glea Cole also helped in the pitching.

This team had as leaders Barbara Brown, captain, and Catherine Murphy, manager.

This year there is still more promising material, as most of last year's players are still able to play, and much is expected from the new girls who are trying for the team.

The candidates for the team of '24, as far as at present indicated, are: Eulaila Pinkham, Catherine Murphy, Rose Hernan, Sallie Murphy, Alice Sexton, Glea Cole, Loretta Wolfe, Ruth LaVange, Vivian Newcomb, Helen Webb, Ethel Stonefield, Evelyn Barry, Winifred Ward, and Irma Hobson.

Eulaila Pinkham was elected manager, as she is very efficient in that sort of work. Priscilla Fish has undertaken the position of assistant manager. Catherine Murphy was chosen captain of the team.

The number of games this year has been increased and the schedule includes games with larger surrounding towns.

We assure you that a game having the Scituate High girls as players, will be worth seeing, "for every day in every way we are growing better and better."

CATHERINE MURPHY,
SALLIE MURPHY.

* * *

If I had a Rolls Royce, we would go for a ride
I at the wheel and you, Brown Eyes, beside
And we would ride till we saw a swinging sign
At an inn somewhere, and there we'd stop and dine
And dance—oh! To dance with you, ! and talk!
If I had a Rolls Royce! Say, will you go for a walk?

THINK IT OVER

In these days of excitement and rush we seldom take time to think about the most important features of our lives. Those which we consider to be minor details, we pass over without a second thought. But is anything directly connected with our lives at home or at school really unimportant? At first you may say, "Why of course, there are any number of unimportant happenings in one's every day life." But,—think it over. What are some of them?

"Some unimportant things?" you say. "Oh! that's easy. Nothing that happens in a school day is of much importance anyway!"

Let's talk it over. You say that you do practically nothing during the day, at least from seven o'clock until four, which would make even a slight impression upon your future life? Well, perhaps not. Let's leave that for a moment. Isn't your school day routine somewhat like this:

Your mother calls you at seven o'clock; and you grumble because you have to get up so early, and act as though she and the School Committee were in league to spoil the best sleep you have had for a week. Then you complain that the room is chilly; and you hate oatmeal; and you're not going to take any more lunches if you have to eat squash pie. Because you won't have time to put your tie on until you reach school, you stuff it into your pocket and trust to luck that you will not miss the bus. But just as you get in sight of Central Street you see it stopping in front of the Jenkins School, and you "hope to goodness it will get a flat tire. There is no need of the driver's starting so early anyhow!" Perhaps he sees you and obligingly waits; then, with a withering glance or, more likely, none at all, you "pass within." Did you apologize for delaying him or thank him for waiting? "No, of course not! That's what he's paid for!"

Those are only two instances. All day such things happen. You are inattentive, talk while instructors are striving to explain problems, perhaps for the third or fourth time. Coming over from the Annex you close the doors in their faces rather than wait a moment to let them pass. You ask for a pencil, book, or pen; and when you receive it do you say, "Thank you?" If not, is it because you are afraid of being laughed at? In that case you had a fellow-sufferer; Columbus was laughed at when he said that the earth was round. His proposition was a more difficult one to prove than yours, yet he proved beyond doubt that he was right. You go to the office for an explanation of a mathematical problem. Mr. Martin explains and figures and diagrams it for you until at the end of a half hour you begin to show faint signs of intelligence. Before you leave, do you try to make him feel that he has helped you understand it a little better than you did, and that you are grateful to him?

Instead of answering now, take a few minutes that you can spare (while the attendance is being checked up or while you are waiting for the assembly period to begin) and try to realize that during your school career you are more than a student,—you are a builder. Each thought you think, each act you do, is a brick laid in the foundation of your character. *Think It Over!*

ELEANOR DWYER, '24.

BOOKS

Did you ever realize what good friends books are? Yet they are frequently misused. The pages soiled and torn, bindings broken, and the book is in every way carelessly treated. Imagine what it would be like to live without a single book. Did you ever think of that before? Surely it doesn't seem very pleasant. For books are friends that are always ready and willing to give us pleasure or information. By means of them we can travel to all parts of the world; skate and snowshoe in Switzerland or Alaska, enjoy the warm breezes of Florida, explore the unknown wilds of Africa, or go back hundreds of years and discover how the people of bygone days lived. There are books to interest all people, young and old, rich and poor. Whether you like travel, history, exploration, romance, thrilling science, mathematics, adventure or simply Mother Goose stories, you can have your choice.

Abraham Lincoln tramped miles in all kinds of weather to secure books. These he read and studied by the dim, flickering light of an open fireplace. When one of these borrowed books was partly destroyed by an accident he worked in the fields to pay for the damaged book. How many of us would do the same? We who have not half the trouble to secure books and who have comfortable homes, schools and libraries in which to read them do not appreciate this fact and handle the books without care.

You would never intentionally harm your best friend—so why injure books? They are true friends and even if they cannot speak their thanks they will in various ways show their appreciation of your kindness. They will last much longer and look much more attractive. You know you do not like to read books that are soiled and torn. Neither does anyone else. So if you do not own the book for the sake of those who have it after you treat it as it should be treated.

There is always pleasure in owning a collection of books which you may have brought together with great work and from distant places.

Learn now to know and love books. Let them be your friends. Use them with respect and in them you will find unending enjoyment.

HELEN HEALY, '26.

GIRLS

(From a Boy's Point of View.)

"Aren't girls queer? Yes, they certainly are! When they do their level best to look way over our heads and say in a freezing tone that their tastes differ from ours, I'm more than ready to agree.

"When I look at those funny coats made of that gray, curly stuff, and the great, long narrow skirts 'like grandmother used to wear,' I feel like saying, 'Oh yes, you may have taste, but mine is mostly distaste.'

"And would you believe it, fellows, they,—who take all the courses the school offers in civics and American history, and who call themselves patriotic Americans,—wear Roman sandals, Egyptian earrings, Russian blouses, English top-coats, Chinese wishing rings, Spanish combs and Scottish tams. They even boast that their handkerchiefs are made of Irish linen and that their cosmetics come from France.

"Every time a fellow gets a good radio selection some girl wants the earphones on and all that good music goes to waste. Why should she expect to hear it if she insists on wearing those things they call 'doughnuts' over their ears? Of course they are too economical to put any holes in 'em. So much for their deafness.

"Another affliction girls have is headaches. I can understand how the mumps spread through the town so thoroughly but I cannot fathom what makes headaches 'catching.' I surmise that it is the gaily colored bands that seem to accompany the cure. It must be something powerful though, 'cause last summer almost every girl succumbed to the disease, or to the band anyway.

"Cloth is terribly scarce this year. They manufacture plenty of tweeds and serges for us fellows, but the silks and satins that the girls use must be fearfully expensive,—they can't afford even sleeves! And yet we send money to clothe the Russians!

"I could marvel at this subject for hours and yet I only skim the surface.

"Woe unto Solomon's title of 'Wise Man' had he lived to try his hand at successfully writing an 'Essay On Our Modern Girl.' "

ELEANOR DWYER, '24.

* * *

"Didja study much last night?"

"Ya, a little, didn't have much time—had to fill my fountain pen, answer a letter, find a clean shirtwaist and then read **THE CHIMES**.

* * *

Violinist (to daughter)—Why do you use paint?

Daughter—For the same reason you use resin, Pa. To help me draw my beau.

EXHIBITS FOR MARSHFIELD FAIR

Marshfield Fair may seem a long way off but nevertheless, it's time to give it some consideration. What are you going to exhibit this year? You probably haven't given it a thought yet. But there are only a few more weeks of school and then vacation will be here. So much to do! If you have thought of it at all, you have probably said, "Oh there's plenty of time. I'll do it tomorrow." And tomorrow never comes. It's easy to put things off, always saying that we will do them tomorrow.

If some one asked you if you loved Scituate High, if you were loyal to it, and if you would always stand up for it and do what you could to make it better, you would invariably answer *yes*.

And, yet don't you often "put it off until tomorrow?"

You wouldn't like to go to Marshfield Fair and see exhibits from Marshfield, Duxbury, Kingston, Norwell, Hanover, Hanson and Pembroke, and none from Scituate. But if we are to have an exhibit we must get to work—*now*.

Perhaps you say you cannot write stories or draw. If you cannot draw, perhaps you are a good penman. There is an opening for everyone; and everyone must do his bit for Scituate High. A pamphlet stating the classes and prizes will be circulated in the schools soon.

Beside the school exhibits there are those for individuals. Perhaps you like gardening. But if you are to raise flowers, you must soon begin. See how many varieties of annuals you can raise. Perhaps you will win the prize.

You may say that you couldn't win a prize. You never know till you try. And although we cannot all win prizes, the display that the school makes counts a lot and shows people that we have school spirit.

H. L. W., '26.

A PROBLEM

For many years the boys, and more recently the girls, have played base ball on the Common.

It is situated in a very convenient location and no one every thought of playing anywhere else. It is true that many balls dropped in the cemetery and forced the third baseman to vault the stone wall; but that was all in the game.

Every year on Memorial Day the High School play their annual game with the Legion. And there is another reason that makes the Common very desirable; namely, it is so near the cemetery that immediately after the exercises held in the cemetery are finished the game can begin.

However, many complaints were reported to the Park Department. Many people with houses adjoining the park reported broken windows from the balls and many complained that the boys trespassed on land other than the ball field. There was also the

danger of being hit as one rode along the street by the cemetery. Of course if such a thing should happen the people would, in all events, sue the town for damages.

Finally, last summer, the complaints came in so thick and fast that the Park Department has decided to close the Common to base ball. Consequently the High School will be left without any field in which to play their home games. What are we going to do? That is the question. The only thing really left to do is to fix the large field adjoining the schoolhouse. Last year an attempt was made to clear the lot from stones, but there still is quite a lot of work to be put on it before it will be ready for use.

The High School pupils must realize that it is up to them to provide a ball field for themselves. Money must be raised to be expended on this project and money-raising means "work."

Many citizens of the town have already volunteered to help the cause by offering their services.

Let's take advantage of circumstances and prove that we can have a base ball field of our own!

M. C. COLE, '25.

COOKING LESSONS IN S. H. S. A.

When every Tuesday comes around,
We must have clean aprons, so I've found.
We sit at the tables ready to start,
And Miss Barrows gives us each our part.

We take our recipes and study them hard,
Do we use Crisco, Butter or Lard?
Then ask questions by the mile,
Even Miss Barrows has to smile.

Then with a very assuming air,
We put on caps to cover our hair.
And start the task before us lying,
Either roasting, broiling, baking, or frying.

We look at the clock; it's quarter to one,
Oh Gee whiz! the dishes aren't done.
We set to work with earnest haste
We haven't a minute to spare to waste.

When the sink is clean. No dirt to be seen,
Then all our faces begin to beam,
For our lesson is finished without regret,
But we're glad to have something to eat, you bet!

MARY MITCHELL, '26.

ALUMNI NOTES

An active Alumni Association is an asset to any school or college. We, as a school, are endeavoring to reach all Alumni of the Scituate High School, and request those interested in our Alma Mater to send to the Alumni Editor as many names and *present addresses* of their classmates as possible. We are planning to make our graduation CHIMES an Alumni number. Won't you please co-operate with us? We now have the following names. Is yours here? If not, why not?

1920

Alma Lincoln is now Mrs. Clinton Merritt.
Dorothy Bates is now Mrs. Carl Stenbeck.
Doris Damon is a telephone operator in the Norwell Exchange.
Marion Fitts is now Mrs. Wilson Brown.
Lionel Bush is attending Normal Art School, Class of '24.
William Vargus is attending Boston College.

1919

Evelyn Merritt is employed in the Old South Building.
Florence Scannell is a telephone operator at the Scituate Exchange.
Ellis Litchfield is a plumber, employed by Mr. Frederic Bailey.

1918

Dorothy Simpson is a pianoforte teacher in Scituate.
Norma Morris is now Mrs. Willis Totman.
Frederick Haartz is an insurance agent.
Alice Jenkins is now Mrs. Fred Stanley.
M. Elizabeth Stanley is employed in the office of the Jenny Manufacturing Company.

1917

Mildred Appleford is now Mrs. Frank Tinney.
Lois Clapp is now Mrs. Humphrey Turner.
Anna Wilder is working in Boston.

1916

Esther Cole is now Mrs. George Burrows.
Celeste Callahan is now Mrs. William Murphy.
Alice Cole is teaching in New Jersey.

1915

Ethel Duffy is employed at Ellsworth Curtis' office at the Harbor.
Edward Ward is a mail carrier at Holbrook, Mass.
Fred Waterman is the proprietor of the local greenhouse.

 1914

Edward McCarthy is in the U. S. Army, stationed at Honolulu.

 1913

Frederick Brown is a dentist at North Scituate.

 1912

Anna Murphy is teaching school at Revere, Mass.

Charlotte Reddy is a stenographer employed by the Boston Consolidated Gas Company.

Henry Bearce is a local fish dealer.

 1911

Cecelia Ainslee is now Mrs. Frederick Brown.

Martin Welch is employed as a printer in Boston.

Florence Dorr is now Mrs. George Fleming.

Grace Bailey is employed as a stenographer in Boston.

Gladys Roberts is the assistant post-mistress at North Scituate.

Harold Cole is the Tax Collector for the Town of Scituate.

 1908

Katherine Hill is now Mrs. Walter Enos.

 1907

Carrie Doten is now Mrs. Thomas Dwyer.

 1903

S. Gertrude Gillis is now Mrs. Ralph Bray.

George Otis is a local meat dealer.

BARBARA O'CONNOR, '23.

WOULDN'T IT BE QUEER IF—

Walter were a Rock instead of a Stone?

John were a Livingstone instead of a Stanley?

Priscilla were a Bird instead of a Fish?

Winnie were a Hathaway instead of a Ward?

Lauretta were a Fox instead of a Wolfe?

Stafford were Long instead of Short?

Charles were a Rhode (road) instead of a Lane?

Franklin were Dull instead of Sharp?

May were a Packard instead of a Ford?

Ruth were a Pea instead of a Bean?

Charlie were High instead of Lowe?

Glea were Wood instead of Cole (coal)?

Edgar were a Lowland instead of a Hyland (highland)?

HARRIET ALEXANDER, '26.

CURRENT EVENTS

Amy Frye needs some nerve tonic to take during English so that she can recite before the class. She already has a doctor's certificate—now for the tonic!

We wonder where Evelyn Bonney got the name of "Donna."

One would think that there was a band of Quakers at S. H. S. when he sees all the "Bobber Sets."

We regret to lose Lillian Renton, who has moved to Boston. She was one of the most popular girls of the Sophomore Class.

We wonder whether Amy and Mae really dressed in the dark and forgot to put on shoes that were mates—or was it something else?

Some students at S. H. S. try their hardest to reduce by walking to school, and their efforts are not in vain because if they are tardy they must remain one hour after school, thus providing more exercise. Mr. Martin is always willing to co-operate with us.

One of our alumni, Ernest Gray, visited school recently. He is a student at Brown University and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa Society.

The Household Arts Sophomores went to Boston with Mrs. Ward on a furniture buying expedition. The Freshmen, who thought that they were neglected, had to go to Boston, on a shopping tour with Miss Barrows. They, however, did mostly window shopping. Again the Sophomores took a trip, this time under Miss Barrows' supervision. They visited the Woman's Education Union in the morning, having lunch there. In the afternoon they went to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital to observe methods, equipment, etc. This was in connection with their Home Nursing Course.

On March 25 school closed at 2 o'clock in order that the faculty might attend the Woman's Club and listen to an address by Dr. Payson Smith, our Commissioner of Education. We hate to walk home after 3.30, but don't mind it at all, if we get out at two. Wouldn't a lot of money be saved, if we didn't have to ride home?

M. FLAHERTY, '24.

G. STANLEY, '24,

* * *

"Now Elsie," said a teacher of a juvenile class, "what meal is it we eat in the morning?"

"Oatmeal," responded Elsie promptly.

* * *

Demosthenes, (walking along the beach with a pleased smile on his face)—One mouthful of these cough drops is worth one million of the common pebbles.

* * *

Teacher—Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be written so that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it.

Student—Yes, sir. What part didn't you understand.

—Lord Jeff.

SCITUATE HIGH NEWS IN THE YEAR 2024

Ten pupils from the senior class left the Harbor this a. m. on the airship Aluna for a trip to the moon. Professor Martinio accompanied our young travelers. All wore the new heat and cold resisting suits, and were well supplied with tanks of oxygen and food tablets. On landing, Professor Martino will instruct the class in regard to the birth and death of planets, fossils, minerals, and fauna of other planets than our own. They all hope to bring back many interesting souvenirs to add to the school collection.

— O —

In the radio class rapid progress is being made in the Martian language. While we have not as yet been able actually to reach the planet Mars, we know that it is only a question of time. Now that we can communicate with the Martians so easily, it seems well for the coming generation to learn the language, as undoubtedly the older planet will be able to teach us many things we do not as yet know.

— O —

All the pupils have been put through the mentality test machine this month, and many were found starting in the wrong direction. Nine good carpenters had started to take classical courses, and ten good cooks had ambition to become stenographers. All were re-directed, as the machine never makes a mistake. Life is so much pleasanter when everyone is filling his right place in the world.

— O —

We wish to mention, not boastfully but proudly, our star pupil Grace Howe Smart, who has made all her points in two years. Grace says she aims for the Presidential chair. "Keep trying," say we. And we do not doubt that she will get there. She has a fine example to follow in the career of our great President of the United States, Miss Lotta Brains.

An amusing accident occurred this morning. Howard Litchfield and Andrew Bates collided on their way to school. Bates had a new Advanco flying machine and he "was not wholly familiar with the new gears," he says, "and turned to the left instead of to the right." Both machines were damaged, but having the resistant gravity slides, now required by law, they just floated aimlessly around all the morning. The air battalion of the school going up for practice at noon brought them down amid much joking and laughter.

— O —

Perhaps all the students of the High School have not heard of a reduced rate trip of great interest to the history class. An underwater ship flying between here and Europe had a slight accident that threw her off her course. To the captain's amazement, the lost continent of Atlantis was discovered. Glass bottomed ships are now ready to take students at very small prices to the scene for the purpose of studying the architecture, etc., of a civilization greater than our own. A teacher must accompany each body of students applying for tickets.

— O —

At the dance Friday night Miss Brown, a junior, appeared in an old gown of the vintage of 1924. It created such an uproar that it almost stopped the dance. It was really not much more than a tube. Many of the young folks had never seen a woman actually in skirts before. They all pitied our grandmothers for the restricted dress of their day, and at the same time for their immodesty. "Give us the freedom of the soft shirts and knickers of to-day," say we.

— O —

Now that even the poorest child can afford a flyer to take him to school, the horse is an animal almost entirely extinct, and the pleasure auto almost so. When a pupil in the freshman class came across the word *school barge*, after considerable thought he defined it as, "like the Ark, only instead of going through water it went through the mud and often got stuck."

— O —

Tickets are now out for the air polo games. All the polo club wonderful new, non-sinking polo balls. "Tie yourselves in tight, boys. We don't forget the strange sight at last week's game, when Miles Merritt fell out of his machine going at full speed and hung suspended by a small strap, upside down." Most of the spectators gave chase, but until his gas gave out at Plymouth, no one could catch up with him. "How do you like the old town upside down, Miles?"

Pupils are again warned not to pick the fruit from the tops of trees while flying to school. The farmers say, "The best fruit grows on the top of the trees and they will not stand this thieving." Look out fellas, you may get some buck shot where you won't want it.

— O —

Lucy Jones, our class president, could not make the landing on the roof yesterday. After nearly four years of flying to the same old spot every morning, Lucy decapitated our perfectly good chimney. Happily there are few pupils on the ground nowadays so no one was injured by the falling bricks. How about it Lucy, too many midnight dances, or what?

— O —

Only ten minutes are allowed for lunch. Pupils are requested to bring only food tablets, which require but a moment to swallow. Schools now close at noon to enable those who wish to take afternoon trips in the flyers to New York or other places of interest. Only pupils of a high rating in all subjects need apply for these trips.

SIM L. SIMON, 2026.

CHICKENS

The profit from chickens has built attractive homes, provided funds to secure a college education, lifted mortgages from tired backs, and laid the foundation for many a fortune.

To me the saddest thought that comes when I think of Noah's ark is not of poor, dear, seasick giraffes leaning over the rail of the vessel as the waves toss, nor even of the laziness of all the dogs and bears and other hairy animals with only two fleas aboard to keep the whole of them amused; but it is the thought of the two miserable chickens wandering up and down the decks, looking for a neighbor's garden to dig up and not finding any.

I don't know whether you have ever tried the following experiment, but it is significant and worth trying. Tack a small, flat board on the floor of a chicken coop, using a spirit level to make sure the board is level. Now on this board stand an egg, either on the large end or the small end, and let go of it. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight times out of every ten thousand the egg, in rolling off the board, will roll in the direction of your garden. Two eggs out of every ten thous-

and will not roll at all; these are what are called "sports" or "freaks," and if hatched will probably turn out to be alligators or ostriches. Every egg that contains a chicken will invariably roll toward your garden. If you are one of those who get purple in the face whenever you see a chicken in your garden, the egg will roll with a regular hop, skip, and a jump.

damage a hen actually does to a garden, but I know how much it can do to a temper. I wish someone would get us reliable hen-in-the-garden statistics, with charts and diagrams, so that a person like myself who wants to be truthful and exact could study them and write an article entirely free from errors. I should like a large chart, with lines ruled crosswise up and down, like those we use in economics.

I think that we have a prejudice against the hen that statistics will not bear out. Probably the damage done by a flock of eight hens in a garden thirty by sixty feet in size is much less than commonly supposed. Let us say that my property is worth ten thousand, exclusive of buildings, and contains eighteen thousand square feet. A thirty by sixty garden would be worth five hundred dollars. This, at six per cent., would be worth, if otherwise invested, thirty dollars per year. The tax on the garden plot would be ten dollars. Seeds and fertilizer would be ten dollars. The time I put in on the garden, at my usual earning rate of fifty dollars a day, would be five hundred dollars. The garden thus costs me five hundred and fifty per year. From it I get vegetables of a market value of twenty dollars and thirty cents. This shows a net profit of five hundred and one dollars, seventy cents less than nothing per annum, on a normal henless year.

On the whole I consider the chicken situation gloomy. Although I am by nature an optimist I see no immediate change of the chicken-from-next-door state of affairs. The chicken will continue to come over the fence, except on those occasions when he comes under. The next door chicken will continue to be a nuisance.

MARTHA LINCOLN, '24.

* * *

Webster—What is the matter.

Ben Curran—I wrote an article on "Fresh Milk" and the editors condensed it.

* * *

J. Clark (reading)—What is a pedestrian?

Mr. Martin—A pedestrian, my boy, is the raw material for an automobile accident.

* * *

To our Advertisers—Never become discouraged. It took Tut-ankh-amen 3,000 years to earn fame.

* * *

Miss Hastings—Tucker, you are chewing gum, where did you get it?

Tucker—Oh, off my heel.

EASTER

Spring is here, and April's laughter
 Drives the laggard from his bed;
 Naught is left of sleepy winter,
 Sunshine in our veins instead.

Teachers now are looking forward
 To vacation drawing near,
 All worn out imparting wisdom,
 A's and B's their only cheer.

How the green fields call the laddies:
 Bats and balls take so much room
 In their minds, poor French and Latin
 Are so crowded they 'most swoon.

Flowers and buds and golden sunshine;
 But the girl with powdered nose,
 Dreamy eyes alight with rapture,
 Is just thinking of new clothes.

HAZEL EATON, '26.

FRENCH NOTES

Mademoiselle's French Classes B and C—Translations

A man who was often absent-minded, wrote the following letter to one of his friends:

"My dear friend, I have left my cane at your house. Please send it to me by the carrier of this message."

When he was sealing the letter, he found his cane and added a postscript: "I have just found my cane; don't bother to hunt for it."

Then, he sealed the letter and sent it.

‡ ‡ ‡

Poor Reasoning

A child rose very late every morning. His father, in order to make him more careful, said to him: "My son, you do not know the worth and the advantages of diligence. A diligent man who got up early one morning found a purse full of gold in his road."

"But father," replied the child, "the man who *lost* the purse must have been up still earlier."

The Mistress: "Marie, tell the cook to hurry. She certainly has had time to cook the eggs."

Marie: "Pardon, madam, the cook said she couldn't tell when the eggs had been in the water three minutes."

The Mistress: "Why, isn't there a clock in the kitchen?"

Marie: "Yes, madam, but the cook said that it is fifteen minutes slow."

‡ ‡ ‡

Impudence

A pedestrian while walking along was accosted by a man who asked for alms. He appeared to be strong and healthy so the man asked him, "Why don't you work? You look fresh and vigorous."

"Ah," replied the man, "If you only knew how lazy I am "

‡ ‡ ‡

In one of our big cities an editor of a paper was met by a friend, who said, taking him by the hand, "How glad I am to see you. How long are you staying here?"

"My faith!" responded the journalist, "I think I will stay as long as my money lasts."

"What a shame," said the friend, "I hoped that you were going to stay two or three days."

‡ ‡ ‡

A servant received from his master the order to take a letter which he would find on his desk. He was to carry it to the post office. There were three of them. One had no address. The servant took all three to the post office.

Later the master noticed his foolishness and asked why he carried to be mailed, a letter unaddressed.

"I thought," answered the servant, "that you didn't wish anyone to know to whom you were writing."

LITERARY

THE FORD'S STORY

There is not very much left of me to narrate the events of my life as I stand in this leaky, old shed in the decline of my years; for literally, I am nothing but a bruised, battered, broken tin can. But there was a time in my life when I saw better days, for I was not always in this condition, thank goodness!

Once, just after I was turned out of the factory, driven by a careful driver (for I was respected then), I caught a glimpse of myself in a large shop window. Oh Boy!!! How I did shine! How gracefully I glided along, so conscious of my beauty that I nearly ran into a high-powered motor in order to make it sit up and take notice of me. But all I received was a cold look of disdain, which seemed to have a "get-off-the-earth" air.

Nevertheless, I rambled bravely on, humbled to be sure, but still proud enough of my fine, glossy coat to shrink away over to the street lest any of my dingy brothers should spatter me with mud. Of course, now I realize how foolish I was; but, forgive me, for I was very young. To go on with my story—after we had gone through a number of streets, we drove down a short avenue, and suddenly came to a halt at the side of a modest dwelling. Here I had a sudden shock. The man that drove me so carefully did not own me at all, but was just delivering me. My driver went to the door which opened into a sort of a study. Here sat a middle-aged man with bent shoulders, poring over some books of forgotten lore. If I recall correctly, my driver had to shout six times before he drew any signs of life from the scholar.

"Professor! Professor!!" he shouted repeatedly, "your Lizzie has come."

The professor, who had a housekeeper by the name of Lizzie, thought she had returned from marketing and now wished to come in.

"Ah! Yes," hummed the absent-minded professor without looking up. "Why don't you come in, Lizzie? I didn't leave the door locked, did I?"

The factory man in desperation went in, and the professor saw who it was.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. Why, how do you do, Mr. Norton. I thought you were Lizzie," explained the professor.

The door slammed and I heard no more of the conversation until the two men came out to look me over. Then the professor took the wheel to receive his first lesson. And such a drive as we had!! The professor seemed to forget that he was learning to drive, and

I think his mind was on anything but my wheel that he was abstractedly guiding. At length that nightmare of a drive came to an end. As I was put up snugly for the night, I heaved a sigh of relief.

After a few lessons such as these, the professor in a very zigzag and wobbly manner, drove me down the street all by himself, all the while my knees knocking and a hot feverish vapour steaming from my radiator for fear that we should have a collision with every telegraph pole along the way. How the professor ever passed his examination and obtained his license still remains a mystery to me! I couldn't count the number of cows and chickens we barely escaped running over.

One morning the professor was going for a spin very early; so he backed me out and left my engine running while he went in for his hat. Whatever had happened to it, I don't know, but he was gone long enough to make a hat, while my engine burned up three perfectly good gallons of gas. Finally becoming more disgusted than ever as my gas was running low and my engine was exhaustedly throbbing, I fired off a loud report. The poor professor came running out, a ponderous volume under his arm, inquiring wildly who was shot. It was so ludicrous I could have laughed outright, had I not been so infuriated with the professor. A few days later, the professor had a nervous breakdown of which I was the cause. The professor, not able to withstand any more harrowing experiences, was advised by his doctor to sell me. Consequently, I was sold to an old, quiet couple. This time, thank fortune, my master was not a pedant, but had some knowledge of mechanics. He overhauled my engine and treated me royally. I was run steadily and never had to experience that choking feeling from lack of water. But this good fortune was not to last for the dear, old couple moved away and I was sold again. This time I was delivered at the door of a large mansion.

As I stood waiting, wondering what my next master would be like and sighing with apprehension, there bounded out of a door, a rollicking, restless, red-haired young man of about nineteen, I should say. I shuddered at the prospects of being at the mercies of such an irresponsible person as he appeared. I almost wished myself back in the hands of the professor, erratic as he was.

When my former master had gone, that red-haired fellow said to me, "Hello, Lizzie, my name is Brick and we're to have some rippin' good times, you and I and An-er-er-er,—you surely look pretty nifty."

As he drove me like a shot into the garage, I groaned inwardly, I spluttered and coughed to show my displeasure. The garage wasn't so bad and I felt a sense of relief as I heard the slam of the door and the click of the padlock.

"Now that he's gone," I said to myself, "I can curl up and have a good sleep."

My last thoughts were of wondering what sort of a life I should lead and if my new master would always drive as fast as he just did.

As this was in the summer, it was a hard time to get used to such a life because Brick had nothing to do but ride around in me the livelong day. There wasn't a night that I didn't have to go for at least a thirty-mile spin, racing lickety-cut at top speed. When we went around corners, Brick hardly slowed up enough to let me put my four wheels down.

I soon found out that Brick had a sweetheart by the name of Annabelle whom Brick taught to drive. Annabelle was a sort of nervous, flighty driver who, if excited when we met a car, would throw up her hands and let me go at my own sweet will, barely skimming a tree or telegraph post.

It always angered me to hear Brick say, "Never mind, dearie, better luck next time. It wasn't *your* fault anyway."

Now, who under the sun could be more to blame than sweet Annabelle?

I thought I'd fool Brick when he came out after supper for his usual spin. When he lifted up the seat to see how much gas I had, I tipped my tank so that I seemed to have five gallons of gas instead of one. Brick clapped down the seat and set out, only stopping to pick up a bunch of fellows. We ran on and on at the usual speed until we had gone about fifteen miles, Brick bragging all the while how he never had any engine trouble and how many miles he could make me go on a gallon of gas. Suddenly we came to a dead halt on a lonely dark road. The crowd piled out and gathered around my engine, secretly convulsed with laughter at Brick; for was not this the wonderful engine which never gave any trouble? Brick's red hair bristled up and he became rather exasperated, for he could not find out what ailed me. Finally as a last resort he investigated my tank and found there wasn't a drop of gas. I chuckled softly to myself when I saw the expression on Brick's face. My little trick meant a long rest for me, while it meant a walk of three miles to the nearest garage for the rest of the party.

At the end of the summer, Brick bade me good-bye saying, "Good-bye Lizzie ol' gal, you and I sure had some good times."

As Brick went back to school, I was thrust into this miserable, leaky shed. I am in a rather disreputable condition; my back mud-guard is missing, the glass is gone from my headlights, my shoes are worn out and I have a cold in my chest from being out so many rainy nights.

As I await my final fate, I tell this story. I am rather past recovery as a whole; so probably my parts will be sold.

"Cheer up!" I say to myself, "Such is life!"

RUTH C. WELCH, '25.

THE KING'S YOUNGEST KNIGHT

"Eight hundred years ago, sirs,
 As I have heard men say,
 A King rode in the forest
 His gallant stags to slay,
 But an arrow shot from
 A crossbow, sirs,
 The fiercest pride will quell.
 And instead of a royal stag that day
 A King of England fell, and instead—"

"I like not thy song, good John, sing it no more; it sounds not loyal." So spake Cecil, only son of the Lord Commander of one of His Majesty's regiments. The lad perched on the garden wall with one eye on John and the other on the road.

This road ran along outside the wall until lost in the purple moor that stretched to the sea. Or so it seemed. Cecil knew better. He knew where a misstep would send one, hurtling and tumbling far down the face of the cliffs onto the cruel rocks below, or at high tide into the raging sea.

The lad had a noble head bespeaking great intelligence. His fair hair, still uncropped, hung in soft curls about his face, softening the great grey eyes, which were fearless and commanding, and the fine thin lips and square jaw, so much like his father's. Even in the relaxation of his airy perch on the wall a mantle of dignity and noble birth seemed to enfold him. Courteous and kind to all, he looked for and received courtesy and obedience from the servants and farmers on the estate.

Old John spat on his hand and worked away in silence. Suddenly he spoke. "So tha do'st na loike ma sang?"

"I like not the last of it, good John, or any songs of traitors to their King."

"Aye, young sir, but foak do be telling, Kings will loikely be na mur, agin the war be o'er, lad."

"John, if I knew not thy tried loyalty to thy King and Master, I would myself chastise thee, old as thou art. What hath gotten into thee to use thy breath for such foul talk this fair morning?"

"Wha be th' use, bonnie Master, to be King in yon cruel wold, wha knife o' bullet bide ta cut ye doon? Foak do be telling, th' King be coming e'en now to these parts and happen he wilt na mur ride back agin. A masilf ha seen strolinge mon toard wes' end o' yon moor, as a tramped it frae chapel. Afeart a be, tha lie in wait fur summat evil."

"Whence came His Majesty, and where-for, good John?" inquired the startled boy.

"A dinna ken, little Master. Happen 'tis secret business o' war matters to th' noble father."

"But, my father, good John, was called away but yester-e'en by a rascally looking messenger. Where he went and why, none in the castle, not e'en my lady mother can tell."

" 'Tis diviltry all round a am afear't. Happen ye shall see a great an fearsom soit th' day."

"Say you, the King comes today," spoke the boy. "He must be warned, and quickly. You and I must the secret way, through the caves at the water's edge to cut him off e'er he reaches the moor. We must start at once or 'twill be too late."

'Ut canna be doon, I ha tho't o' tha. E'en now the tide be loike ha' covered th floar o' first cave. You an a would droon loike rats e'er we reached th level o' center caves."

"What matter good John; so we try the deed. It is a good death, me thinks, to die for King and country. I am only ten and thou art an old, old man; and God will not let us die on such a goodly errand. Come, let us be on our way, e'er comes my lady mother to stop us with her womanly tears."

Fast across the fern and bracken sped little feet and old, and though evil faces peered out from hidden spots, no one stopped the harmless child and feeble man, who hastened to the moor's edge and seemed to sink into the earth.

These evil doers had other work to do, watching and waiting for him who they had sworn should not return.

The little lad and old John entered a series of caves known to but few moor dwellers. These ran for miles beneath the moor, now up, now down, ending at last in a hidden grove upon the road's edge. Being a short distance from the town they cut off many a mile of lonely road across the surface of the moor. These caves were only passable on calm days at low tide; some were completely filled at high tide. The water rushed into them with fearful force and suction, from cave to cave. They bore a fearsome name by reason of the many deaths in them, and for years they had hardly been used at all.

All this old John knew; but knowing the high courage of the boy, he feared Cecil would attempt the passage alone, if not accompanied by him.

Making the sign of the cross, and breathing a prayer for their safety, he swung Cecil to his shoulder and entered the first cave. Passing rapidly through the shallow water, all ready covering the floor, he descended to the lower level of the second cave. With fearful heart he found here the water already waist high. Knowing there was still a long descent before the path wound upward, his heart trembled with fear. Soon the water reached his shoulders. He knew there was now no going backward. Bidding the boy hold fast, he yielded to the suction and swam with the current. Praying they would not be brained against the overhanging rocks in their mad rush through the openings, they commenced the last lap of their fearful journey.

Old John, except for bidding the boy to hold fast to his shoulders, had not wasted the least breath in speech. He knew all his strength was needed if ever they were to see daylight again. Now as they reached a cave where the water raged so fiercely and so high that one must dive to escape low hanging rocks, he despaired. The cruel buffeting of the waters would have tried to the uttermost, a far younger man than old John. Loyal to his master, his only thought and whole effort were for his safety. Try as he might, he realized at last that his strength was exhausted. He could not fight the terrible current, or dive again in his weakened condition.

The boy on his back would be instantly killed on the rocks above, he knew. "O, God!" he gasped. "'Tis evil day o' ma soul, laddie. A canna do na mur for 'ee." White and wide-eyed, the trembling boy heard, tho' many a wave had passed over his little head and the breach had been nearly driven from his tender little body. Did the thought of his mother, the blue sky and sunshine above in his fair domain call to him? Did baby tears spring from his eyes, or terror fright his beating heart? No! Like knight of old this boy sprang from a race of warriors and thought only of his quest. The King's safety was his only thought in this hour of peril.

Old John's strength was almost gone, but the journey was nearly done. Without the burden on his back, the old man would not be obliged to swim so low in the water. Perhaps he could make the pass alone.

"Good John," gasped the boy, "thou must go on alone. 'Tis God's errand. He will speed thee. There are many lads in the kingdom but only one King. I am going to drop now from your shoulder, so thou may'st swim lighter. Wilt thou tell them I died bravely and willingly in King's service? It is so my noble father would have wished." Saying this, the brave boy released his hold and instantly sank in the swirling waters.

Did old John hear Cecil and know of his manly courageous deed? Ah! who shall ever know. For at the same instant he was hurled helpless and defenseless against the jagged rocks of the opening, and for him earth's days were done.

After the black water had closed over Cecil's head, he remembered no more until he awoke to feel the gentle hand and loved voice of one so dear to him that life flowed back through his bruised form. He opened his eyes to his father's troubled gaze. Turning he saw old John's battered body dead at his feet and many soldiers standing around. "Father," he cried, "the King, the King."

"He is here by your side," replied his father.

Then in feeble gasping words he told of the evil men lying in wait on the moor and about what he and old John had tried to do for the King's safety.

Clasping the noble boy in his arms, the King wept unashamed.

Placing his own sword in Cecil's two small hands, the grateful monarch stooped, and kissing the golden head, said, "Cecil, I dub thee my bravest, tho' youngest knight." Turning to the Commander of the regiment he sternly ordered, "March on, and return not until the assassins of yon moor are no more."

HAZEL G. EATON, '26.

THE RADIO PEST

Radios are getting to be very common and so are Radio Pests. There are people who try to get every station east of the Mississippi in one night, whether they can understand a word of what is going on, or not. They are very dangerous characters, as one who gets into their clutches has a hard time getting out of them.

One night a man who had never seen or heard a radio went to the house of his so-called friend who had one.

"Good evening," said his host. "It is a high night for radio, and I shall give you a time you will never forget."

"All right," said the guest, as he approached the machine, "anything but jazz music. I've heard all I want of that."

He put the earphones over his head and listened. Finally, after a series of shrieks and squeaks there was a faint sound of music.

"Sh-h-h! We are getting something from Pittsburgh now."

"Thank you for telling me as I would never have known."

More shrieks and turning of little knobs. Also more jazz.

"I guess I'll give you something now that isn't jazz. How about some speeches from Washington or some drama?"

"I would certainly like that. Oh! I think I hear something," said the guest hopefully.

They did hear something and that something was this: "And the little bear ran and ran, and what do you suppose—"

"Sorry, that was my mistake. I forgot it was time for those bedtime stories. There doesn't seem to be much of a program to-night. That was New York we just heard. 'Last Night on the Back Porch,' you know."

"Yes I know," said the guest. "I've heard that song sung about every day in the week for over a month. Please turn to something else as my heart aches for that lady whose dying groan we've just heard."

"That wasn't a lady dying. It was the bulb, that's all."

"Why don't you take it out if it makes so much noise?" asked the guest innocently.

"It must be terrible to have a sense of humor like that," said the host.

About every station reached that night—and there were a good many—gave sounds which the host called either music or bedtime stories. The guest had lost all hope of being entertained.

"Well," said he taking off the earphones, "it is really later than it seems. I think I'll have to be going."

"I'm sorry that we couldn't have some speeches to-night. They generally give us good ones," said the host, who was still listening in. "I think you got up too soon. Here is something that doesn't sound like music."

The guest quickly put on the receivers again and listened. Faintly came the sounds of a man's voice. When the host succeeded in making these sounds clearer and clearer, the speech was that of a salesman telling about the manufacture and uses of soap. This was too much. The guest began to make ready for his departure immediately.

"You surely have given me an evening I shall never forget," he said, and departed.

When he reached home he told his wife all about it. As he ended his narration he said, "Do you know, I think I'll buy a radio; they sort of get you."

CATHERINE WELCH, '26.

COMMERCIAL NOTES

Since the last issue the following pupils have received typewriting awards for speed and accuracy from the Royal and Remington Typewriter Companies:

Royal
Barbara O'Connor
Eulaila Pinkham
Gertrude Stanley
Mae Flaherty
Helen Jellows
Priscilla Fish
Mae Ford

Remington
Barbara O'Connor
Marion Damon
Eleanor Dwyer
Helen Jellows
Bessie Scannell
Gertrude Stanley

It is rumored that "Laila" is trying to do 75 words a minute in order to get a typewriter. We hope she'll always be as ambitious.

"Zeke" corrected the ambiguous sentence, "He told him his wife was ill" as follows: "The bachelor told him his wife was ill." We think Harold is clever.

There should be more blackboard space in the typewriting room for spelling lists; at any rate, certain people seem to need more space than others.

The seniors wish Miss Dudley didn't have a card catalog in the library—the cards are so hard to type—but she has.

There is no Business Show this year and Mr. Martin suggests that we take a trip to the Ginn Publishing Company. Is all the enthusiasm due to the interest in Commercial Geography? We wonder!

The seniors are preparing for the Civil Service examination. "Extra Work! And we don't have any study periods, as it is."

G. B. S., '24.

EXCHANGES

We know "Our CHIMES" are very young,
So we couldn't expect their praises sung;
But helpful criticism we are ready to hear,
Throughout the issues of this year.

R. C. W.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The *Unquity Echo*, Milton High School—A well-balanced paper which is worthy of commendation.

The *Parrot*, Rockland High School—Your editorials and stories are very clever and worth while.

The *Clarion*, Arlington High School—A complete and attractive magazine.

The *Golden Rod*, Quincy High School—Your plan for a competitive cover design contest is an excellent one. Your "Reflections" and "Class Census" are catchy and clever.

The *Partridge*, Partridge Academy—Your cuts improve your paper very much.

The *Meteor*, Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire—We wish to express our appreciation of the fact that you sent us your interesting paper for two years before we published ours.

The *Reflector*, Weymouth High School—Your weekly has many clever witticisms.

The *Echo*, Canton High School—Your school notes are well written and your jokes are numerous and comical.

The *Menotomy Beacon*, West Junior Arlington High School—The Foreign Department is a distinguishing feature of your publication.

The *Eastoner*, Oliver Ames High School—Your alumni and school notes are well taken care of.

The *Pasadena Chronicle*, Pasadena High School—An interesting weekly.

The *Abhis*, Abington High School—The cover of your last issue was very well done.

The *English High School Record*, Boston, Massachusetts—Your editorials are very worth-while; in fact, the whole magazine shows that you have a well organized school.

WHAT OTHER SCHOOLS SAY OF US:

THE CHIMES—Your editorials are very good. May we suggest a larger exchange column?—The *Echo*, Canton.

THE CHIMES—You have a good cover design. The inside contents speak well for you.—The *Menotomy Beacon*, Arlington.

THE CHIMES—An excellent magazine. Your cover design was very original.—The *Abhis*, Abington.

“Pete is sure narrow-minded, isn’t he?”

“Yeh, why that bird would cut his hand if he rubbed his forehead.”

—Juggler.

* * *

He—Wanna go horse backing?

She—No, horses don’t like me.

He—I do.

She—Well, donkeys are different.

—Yellow Jacket.

* * *

Three grocers were established on the same street. The first wrote on his sign: “The best grocer in town.”

The second adopted as his slogan: “The best grocer in the world.”

But the third, who was more witty than the other two put on his sign: “The best grocer on the street.”

* * *

Glea Cole—Papa, buy me a pair of pumps, I’m going to the Fireman’s Ball.

* * *

Sad Freshie, who had flunked mid-years—Say if you were in my shoes what would you do?

Sophomore, who had passed mid-years—I’d shine them.

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JOKES

* * *

Dumb Freshman—Say, I wonder why all famous men were born on holidays

* * *

Mother to Bessie M.—Bessie, you let Wallace stay too long last night. It was eleven when he went!

Bessie M.—But you told me he could have time to propose.

Mother—Yes, but three hours!

Bessie M.—Well, mother, you know he stutters.

* * *

Little Willy, pointing to a picture of a zebra—What's that?
Little Johnny—Looks like a horse in a bathing suit.

* * *

Commencement to me seems very queer

Its meaning is beginning

Even though in our school career

It comes right at the ending.

—Tiger.

* * *

Bright—What is play?

Dumb—A very important business that school interrupts.

—Burr.

* * *

English Teacher—Now, children, which one of you can give me the tenses of the verb "to knife."

Horace—I can, teacher. "Knife, fork and spoon."



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